LOVE ELEGIES.

Written in the Year 1732.

[Price 1s.]

By Hammond

BRITISH MUSEUM

LOVE ELEGIES.

WRITTEN

IN THE YEAR MDCCXXXII.

VIRGINIBUS PUERISQUE CANTO.

THE SEVENTH EDITION.

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M DCC LXXX.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
DIEU ET MON DROIT

THE

PREFACE.

THE following Elegies were written by a young gentleman lately dead, and juſtly lamented.

As he had never declared his intentions concerning their publication, a friend of his, into whoſe hands they fell, determined to publiſh them, in the perſuaſion that they would neither be unwelcome to the Public, nor injurious to the memory of their Author. The reader muſt decide, whether this determination was the reſult of juſt judgment, or partial friendſhip, for the Editor feels, and avows ſo much of the latter, that he gives up all pretenſions to the former.

THE Author compoſed them ten years ago, before he was two-and-twenty years old; an age when fancy and imagination commonly riot at the expence of judgment and correctneſs, neither of which ſeem wanting here. But, ſincere in his love as in his friendſhip, he wrote to his miſtreſſes, as he ſpoke to his friends, nothing but the true genuine ſentiments of his heart; he ſate down to write what he thought, not to think what he ſhould write; 'twas nature and ſentiment only that dictated to a real miſtreſs, not youthful and poetic fancy, to an imaginary one. Elegy therefore ſpeaks here her own, proper, native language, the unaffected plaintive language of the tender paſſions; the true elegiac dignity and ſimplicity are preſerved, and united, the one without pride, the other without meanneſs. TIBULLUS ſeems to have been the model our Author judiciouſly preferred to OVID; the former writing directly from the heart, to the heart;

the latter too often yielding and addreſſing himſelf to the imagination.

THE undiſſipated youth of the Author allowed him time to apply himſelf to the beſt maſters, the ancients, and his parts enabled him to make the beſt uſe of them; for upon thoſe great models of ſolid ſenſe and virtue, he formed not only his genius, but his heart, both well prepared by nature to adopt, and adorn the reſemblance. He admired that juſtneſs, that noble ſimplicity of thought, and expreſſion, which have diſtinguiſhed, and preſerved their writings to this day; but he revered that love of their country, that contempt of riches, that ſacredneſs of friendſhip, and all thoſe heroic and ſocial virtues, which marked them out as the objects of the veneration, though not the imitation of ſucceeding ages; and he looked back with a kind of religious awe and delight, upon thoſe glorious and happy times of GREECE and ROME,

ROME, when Wiſdom, Virtue and Liberty formed the only triumvirates, ere luxury invited corruption to taint, or corruption introduced ſlavery to deſtroy, all public and private virtues. In theſe ſentiments he lived, and would have lived, even in theſe times; in theſe ſentiments he died—but in theſe times too—*Ut non erepta a diis immortalibus vita, ſed donata mors eſſe videatur.*

LOVE ELEGIES.

On his falling in Love with NEÆRA.

ELEGY I.

FAREWEL that liberty our fathers gave,
In vain they gave, their ſons received in vain:
I ſaw NEÆRA, and her inſtant ſlave,
Tho' born a BRITON, hugg'd the ſervile chain.

Her uſage well repays my coward heart,
Meanly ſhe triumphs in her lover's ſhame,
No healing joy relieves his conſtant ſmart,
No ſmile of love rewards the loſs of fame.

Oh that to feel theſe killing pangs no more,
On SCYTHIAN hills I lay a ſenſeleſs ſtone,
Was fix'd a rock amidſt the watry roar,
And in the vaſt ATLANTIC ſtood alone!

Adieu, ye Muſes, or my paſſion aid,
Why ſhou'd I loiter by your idle ſpring?
My humble voice would move one only maid,
And ſhe contemns the trifles which I ſing.

I do not aſk the lofty EPIC ſtrain,
Nor ſtrive to paint the wonders of the ſphere;
I only ſing one cruel maid to gain,
Adieu, ye Muſes, if ſhe will not hear.

No more in uſeleſs innocence I'll pine,
Since guilty preſents win the greedy fair,
I'll tear it's honours from the broken ſhrine,
But chiefly thine, O VENUS! will I tear.

Deceived by thee, I loved a beauteous maid,
Who bends on ſordid gold her low deſires:
Nor worth nor paſſion can her heart perſuade,
But Love muſt act what Avarice requires.

Unwiſe who firſt, the charm of Nature loſt,
With TYRIAN purple ſoil'd the ſnowy ſheep;
Unwiſer ſtill who ſeas and mountains croſt,
To dig the rock, and ſearch the pearly deep:

Theſe coſtly toys our ſilly fair ſurpriſe,
The ſhining follies cheat their feeble ſight,
Their hearts ſecure in trifles, Love deſpiſe,
'Tis vain to court them, but more vain to write.

Why did the gods conceal the little mind
And earthly thoughts beneath a heavenly face;
Forget the worth that dignifies mankind,
Yet ſmooth and poliſh ſo each outward grace?

Hence all the blame that Love and VENUS bear,
Hence pleaſure ſhort, and anguiſh ever long,
Hence tears and ſighs, and hence the peeviſh fair,
The froward lover—Hence this angry ſong.

Unable to ſatisfy the covetous Temper of NEÆRA, *he intends to make a Campaign, and try, if poſſible, to forget her.*

ELEGY II.

ADIEU, ye walls, that guard my cruel Fair,
No more I'll ſit in roſy fetters bound,
My limbs have learnt the weight of arms to bear,
My rouſing ſpirits feel the trumpet's ſound.

Few are the maids that now on merit ſmile,
On ſpoil and war is bent this iron age:
Yet pain and death attend on war and ſpoil,
Unſated vengeance and remorſeleſs rage.

To purchaſe ſpoil e'en love itſelf is ſold,
Her lover's heart is leaſt NEÆRA's care,
And I through war muſt ſeek deteſted gold,
Not for myſelf, but for my venal Fair:

That

That while ſhe bends beneath the weight of dreſs,
The ſtiffen'd robe may ſpoil her eaſy mien;
And art miſtaken make her beauty leſs,
While ſtill it hides ſome graces better ſeen.

But if ſuch toys can win her lovely ſmile,
Hers be the wealth of TAGUS' golden ſand,
Hers the bright gems that glow in INDIA's ſoil,
Hers the black ſons of AFRIC's ſultry land.

To pleaſe her eye let every loom contend,
For her be rifled Ocean's pearly bed.
But where, alas! wou'd idle Fancy tend,
And ſooth with dreams a youthful poet's head?

Let others buy the cold unloving maid,
In forced embraces act the tyrant's part,
While I their ſelfiſh luxury upbraid,
And ſcorn the perſon where I doubt the heart.

Thus warm'd by pride, I think I love no more,
And hide in threats the weakneſs of my mind:
In vain,—tho' Reaſon fly the hated door,
Yet Love, the coward Love, ſtill lags behind.

He upbraids and threatens the Avarice of NEÆRA, *and reſolves to quit her.*

ELEGY III.

SHOULD JOVE deſcend in floods of liquid ore,
And golden torrents ſtream from every part,
That craving boſom ſtill wou'd heave for more,
Not all the Gods cou'd ſatisfy thy heart:

But may thy folly, which can thus diſdain
My honeſt love, the mighty wrong repay,
May midnight fire involve thy ſordid gain,
And on the ſhining heaps of rapine prey:

May all the youths, like me, by love deceived,
Not quench the ruin, but applaud the doom;
And, when thou dy'ſt, may not one heart be grieved,
May not one tear bedew the lonely tomb.

But the deſerving, tender, generous maid,
Whoſe only care is her poor lover's mind,
Tho' ruthleſs age may bid her beauty fade,
In every friend to love, a friend ſhall find:

And, when the lamp of life will burn no more,
When dead ſhe ſeems as in a gentle ſleep,
The pitying neighbour ſhall her loſs deplore,
And round the bier aſſembled lovers weep:

With flow'ry garlands, each revolving year,
Shall ſtrow the grave where truth and ſoftneſs reſt,
Then home returning, drop the pious tear,
And bid the turf lie eaſy on her breaſt.

To his Friend, written under the Confinement of a long Indiſpoſition.

ELEGY IV.

WHILE calm you ſit beneath your ſecret ſhade,
And loſe in pleaſing thought the ſummer-day,
Or tempt the wiſh of ſome unpractiſed maid,
Whoſe heart at once inclines and fears to ſtray:

The ſprightly vigour of my youth is fled,
Lonely and ſick on death is all my thought,
Oh ſpare, PERSEPHONE*, this guiltleſs head,
Love, too much love, is all thy ſuppliant's fault.

No virgin's eaſy faith I e'er betray'd,
My tongue ne'er boaſted of a feign'd embrace;
No poiſons in the cup have I convey'd,
Nor veil'd deſtruction with a friendly face:

* The Goddeſs of death.

No

No ſecret horrors gnaw this quiet breaſt,
This pious hand ne'er robb'd the ſacred ſane,
I ne'er diſturb'd the God's eternal reſt
With curſes loud,—but oft have pray'd in vain.

No ſtealth of time has thinn'd my flowing hair,
Nor age yet bent me with his iron hand;
Ah, why ſo ſoon the tender bloſſom tear?
Ere Autumn yet the ripen'd fruit demand.

Ye gods, whoe'er in gloomy ſhades below
Now ſlowly tread your melancholy round;
Now wand'ring view the baleful rivers flow,
And muſing hearken to their ſolemn ſound:

Oh let me ſtill enjoy the cheerful day,
Till many years unheeded o'er me roll'd,
Pleas'd in my age, I trifle life away,
And tell how much we loved, ere I grew old.

But you, who now, with feſtive garlands crown'd,
In chaſe of pleaſure the gay moments ſpend,
By quick enjoyment heal love's pleaſing wound,
And grieve for nothing but your abſent friend.

The Lover is at firſt introduced ſpeaking to his Servant, he afterwards addreſſes himſelf to his Miſtreſs, and at laſt there is a ſuppoſed Interview between them.

ELEGY V.

WITH wine, more wine, deceive thy maſter's care,
Till creeping ſlumber ſooth his troubled breaſt,
Let not a whiſper ſtir the ſilent air,
If hapleſs love a while conſent to reſt.

Untoward guards beſet my CYNTHIA's doors,
And cruel locks th' impriſon'd Fair conceal,
May lightnings blaſt whom love in vain implores,
And JOVE's own thunder rive thoſe bolts of ſteel.

Ah gentle door, attend my humble call,
Nor let thy ſounding hinge our theſts betray,
So all my curſes far from thee ſhall fall,
We angry lovers mean not half we ſay.

Remember

Remember now the flow'ry wreaths I gave,
When firſt I told thee of my bold deſires,
Nor thou, O CYNTHIA, fear the watchful ſlave,
VENUS will favour what herſelf inſpires.

She guides the youth who ſee not where they tread,
She ſhews the virgin how to turn the door,
Softly to ſteal from off her ſilent bed,
And not a ſtep betray her on the floor.

The fearleſs lover wants no beam of light,
The robber knows him, nor obſtructs his way,
Sacred he wanders thro' the pathleſs night,
Belongs to VENUS, and can never ſtray.

I ſcorn the chilling wind, and beating rain,
Nor heed cold watchings on the dewy ground,
If all the hardſhips I for love ſuſtain,
With love's victorious joys at laſt be crown'd;

With ſudden ſtep let none our bliſs ſurpriſe,
Or check the freedom of ſecure delight—
Raſh man beware, and ſhut thy curious eyes,
Leſt angry VENUS ſnatch their guilty ſight.

But ſhould'ſt thou ſee, th' important ſecret hide,
Tho' queſtion'd by the powers of earth and
heaven,
The prating tongue ſhall Love's revenge abide,
Still ſue for grace, and never be forgiv'n.

A wizard-dame, thy lover's antient friend,
With magic charm has deaft thy huſband's ear,
At her command I ſaw the ſtars deſcend,
And winged lightnings ſtop in mid career.

I ſaw her ſtamp, and cleave the ſolid ground,
While ghaſtly ſpectres round us wildly roam;
I ſaw them hearken to her potent ſound,
Till, ſcared at day, they ſought their dreary home.

At her command the vig'rous ſummer pines,
And wintry clouds obſcure the hopeful year;
At her ſtrong bidding, gloomy winter ſhines,
And vernal roſes on the ſnows appear.

She gave theſe charms, which I on thee beſtow,
They dim the eye, and dull the jealous mind,
For me they make a huſband nothing know,
For me, and only me, they make him blind:

But

But what did moſt this faithful heart ſurpriſe,
She boaſted that her ſkill could ſet it free;
This faithful heart the boaſted freedom flies;
How could it venture to abandon thee?

He adjures DELIA *to pity him, by their Friendſhip with* CÆLIA, *who was lately dead.*

ELEGY VI.

THOUSANDS would ſeek the laſting peace of death,
And in that harbour ſhun the ſtorm of care,
Officious Hope ſtill holds the fleeting breath,
She tells them ſtill,—To-morrow will be fair.

She tells me, DELIA, I ſhall thee obtain,
But can I liſten to her ſyren ſong,
Who ſeven ſlow months have dragg'd my painful chain,
So long thy lover, and deſpiſed ſo long?

By all the joys thy deareſt CÆLIA gave,
Let not her once-loved friend unpitied burn;
So may her aſhes find a peaceful grave,
And ſleep uninjured in their ſacred urn:

To

To her I firſt avow'd my tim'rous flame,
She nurſed my hopes, and taught me how to ſue,
She ſtill wou'd pity what the wiſe might blame,
And feel for weakneſs which ſhe never knew:

Ah do not grieve the dear lamented ſhade,
That hov'ring round us all my ſuff'rings hears,
She is my ſaint,—to her my prayers are made,
With oft repeated gifts of flowers and tears:

To her ſad tomb at midnight I retire,
And lonely ſitting by the ſilent ſtone,
I tell it all the griefs my wrongs inſpire,
The marble image ſeems to hear my moan:

Thy friend's pale ghoſt ſhall vex thy ſleepleſs bed,
And ſtand before thee all in virgin white;
That ruthleſs boſom will diſturb the dead,
And call forth pity from eternal night:

Ceaſe, cruel man, the mournful theme forbear,
Tho' much thou ſuffer, to thyſelf complain,
Ah to recal the ſad remembrance ſpare,
One tear from her, is more than all thy pain.

On DELIA*'s being in the Country, where he ſuppoſes ſhe ſtays to ſee the Harveſt.*

ELEGY VII.

Now DELIA breathes in woods the fragrant air,
Dull are the hearts that ſtill in town remain,
VENUS herſelf attends on DELIA there,
And CUPID ſports amid the ſylvan train.

Oh with what joy my DELIA to behold,
I'd preſs the ſpade, or wield the weighty prong;
Guide the ſlow plough-ſhare thro' the ſtubborn mold,
And patient goad the loit'ring ox along:

The ſcorching heats I'd careleſsly deſpiſe,
Nor heed the bliſters on my tender hand;
The great APOLLO wore the ſame diſguiſe,
Like me ſubdued to Love's ſupreme command.

No healing herbs cou'd ſooth their maſter's pain,
The art of phyſic loſt, and uſeleſs lay,
To PENEUS' ſtream, and TEMPE's ſhady plain,
He drove his herds beneath the noon-tide ray:

Oft with a bleating lamb in either arm,
His bluſhing ſiſter * ſaw him pace along;
Oft wou'd his voice the ſilent valley charm,
Till lowing oxen broke the tender ſong.

Where are his triumphs? where his warlike toil?
Where by his darts the creſted PYTHON ſlain?
Where are his DELPHI? his delightful iſle?
The God himſelf is grown a cottage ſwain.

O CERES! in your golden fields no more,
With Harveſt's cheerful pomp, my Fair detain,—
Think what for loſt PROSERPINA † you bore,
And in a mother's anguiſh feel my pain.

* The Goddeſs DIANA.

† The daughter of CERES, taken from her by PLUTO.

Our wiſer fathers left their fields unſown,
Their food was acorns, love their ſole employ,
They met, they liked, they ſtay'd but till alone,
And in each valley ſnatch'd the honeſt joy:

No wakeful guard, no doors to ſtop deſire,
Thrice happy times!—But Oh I fondly rave!
Lead me to DELIA, all her eyes inſpire
I'll do.—I'll plough, or dig as DELIA's ſlave.

He deſpairs that he ſhall ever poſſeſs DELIA.

ELEGY VIII.

AH what avails thy lover's pious care?
His laviſh incenſe clouds the ſky in vain,
Nor wealth nor greatneſs was his idle prayer,
For thee alone he pray'd, thee hoped to gain:

With thee I hoped to waſte the pleaſing day,
Till in thy arms an age of joy was paſt,
Then, old with love, inſenſibly decay,
And on thy boſom gently breathe my laſt.

I ſcorn the LYDIAN river's golden wave,
And all the vulgar charms of human life,
I only aſk to live my DELIA's ſlave,
And, when I long have ſerved her, call her Wife:

I only aſk, of her I love poſſeſt,
To ſink, o'ercome with bliſs, in ſafe repoſe,
To ſtrain her yielding beauties to my breaſt,
And kiſs her wearied eye-lids till they cloſe.

Attend, O JUNO! with thy ſober ear,
Attend, gay VENUS, parent of deſire;
This one fond wiſh, if you refuſe to hear,
Oh let me with this ſigh of love expire.

He has loſt DELIA.

ELEGY IX.

HE who could firſt two gentle hearts unbind,
And rob a lover of his weeping Fair,
Hard was the man, but harder, in my mind,
The lover ſtill who died not of deſpair:

With mean diſguiſe let others nature hide,
And mimic virtue with the paint of art,
I ſcorn the cheat of reaſon's fooliſh pride,
And boaſt the graceful weakneſs of my heart.

The more I think, the more I feel my pain,
And learn the more each heavenly charm to prize,
While fools, too light for paſſion, ſafe remain,
And dull ſenſation keeps the ſtupid wiſe.

Sad

Sad is my day, and ſad my ling'ring night,
When wrapt in ſilent grief I weep alone,
DELIA is loſt, and all my paſt delight
Is now the ſource of unavailing moan.

Where is the wit that heighten'd beauty's charms?
Where is the face that fed my longing eyes?
Where is the ſhape that might have bleſt my arms?
Where are thoſe hopes relentleſs Fate denies?

When ſpent with endleſs grief I die at laſt,
DELIA may come, and ſee my poor remains,—
Oh DELIA! after ſuch an abſence paſt,
Canſt thou ſtill love, and not forget my pains?

Wilt thou in tears thy lover's corſe attend,
With eyes averted light the ſolemn pyre,
Till all around the doleful flames aſcend,
Then, ſlowly ſinking, by degrees expire?

To ſooth the hov'ring ſoul be thine the care,
With plaintive cries to lead the mournful band,
In ſable weeds the golden vaſe to bear,
And cull my aſhes with thy trembling hand?

PANCHAIA's odours be their coſtly feaſt,
And all the pride of ASIA's fragrant year;
Give them the treaſures of the fartheſt Eaſt,
And, what is ſtill more precious, give thy tear.

Dying for thee, there is in death a pride,
Let all the world thy hapleſs lover know,
No ſilent urn the noble paſſion hide,
But deeply graven thus my ſuff'rings ſhow:

Here lies a youth, borne down with love and
care,
He cou'd not long his DELIA's loſs abide,
Joy left his boſom with the parting Fair,
And when he durſt no longer hope, he died.

On DELIA's *Birth-Day.*

ELEGY X.

THIS day, which ſaw my DELIA's beauty riſe,
Shall more than all our ſacred days be bleſt,
The world, enamour'd of her lovely eyes,
Shall grow as good and gentle as her breaſt.

By all our guarded ſighs and hid deſires,
Oh may our guiltleſs love be ſtill the ſame!
I burn, and glory in the pleaſing fires,
If DELIA's boſom ſhare the mutual flame.

Thou happy Genius of her natal hour,
Accept her incenſe, if her thoughts be kind;
But let her court in vain thy angry power,
If all our vows are blotted from her mind.

And

And thou, O VENUS, hear my righteous prayer,
Or bind the ſhepherdeſs, or looſe the ſwain,
Yet rather guard them both with equal care,
And let them die together in thy chain:

What I demand, perhaps her heart deſires,
But virgin fears her nicer tongue reſtrain;
The ſecret thought, which bluſhing love inſpires,
The conſcious eye can full as well explain.

Againſt Lovers going to War, in which he philoſophically prefers Love and DELIA *to the more ſerious Vanities of the World.*

ELEGY XI.

THE man who ſharpen'd firſt the warlike ſteel,
How fell and deadly was his iron heart,
He gave the wound encount'ring nations feel,
And death grew ſtronger by his fatal art:

Yet not from ſteel, debate and battle roſe,
'Tis gold o'erturns the even ſcale of life,
Nature is free to all, and none were foes,
Till partial luxury began the ſtrife.

Let ſpoil and victory adorn the bold,
While I inglorious neither hope nor fear,
Periſh the thirſt of honour, thirſt of gold,
Ere for my abſence DELIA loſe a tear:

Why ſhou'd the lover quit his pleaſing home,
In ſearch of danger on ſome foreign ground;
Far from his weeping fair ungrateful roam,
And riſk in every ſtroke a double wound?

Ah better far, beneath the ſpreading ſhade,
With cheerful friends to drain the ſprightly bowl,
To ſing the beauties of my darling maid,
And on the ſweet idea feaſt my ſoul:

Then full of love to all her charms retire,
And fold her bluſhing to my eager breaſt,
Till, quite o'ercome with ſoftneſs, with deſire,
Like me ſhe pants, ſhe faints, and ſinks to reſt.

To DELIA.

ELEGY XII.

No ſecond love ſhall e'er my heart ſurpriſe,
This ſolemn league did firſt our paſſion bind:
Thou, only thou, canſt pleaſe thy lover's eyes,
Thy voice alone can ſooth his troubled mind.

Oh that thy charms were only fair to me,
Diſpleaſe all others, and ſecure my reſt,
No need of envy,—let me happy be,
I little care that others know me bleſt.

With thee in gloomy deſerts let me dwell,
Where never human footſtep mark'd the ground;
Thou, light of life, all darkneſs canſt expel,
And ſeem a world with ſolitude around.

I ſay

I ſay too much—my heedleſs words reſtore,
My tongue undoes me in this loving hour;
Thou know'ſt thy ſtrength, and thence inſulting more,
Will make me feel the weight of all thy power:

Whate'er I feel, thy ſlave I will remain,
Nor fly the burthen I am form'd to bear,
In chains I'll ſit me down at VENUS' fane,
She knows my wrongs, and will regard my prayer.

He imagines himſelf married to DELIA, *and that content with each other, they are retired into the Country.*

ELEGY XIII.

LET others boaſt their heaps of ſhining gold,
And view their fields, with waving plenty crown'd,
Whom neighb'ring foes in conſtant terror hold,
And trumpets break their ſlumbers, never ſound:

While calmly poor I trifle life away,
Enjoy ſweet leiſure by my cheerful fire,
No wanton hope my quiet ſhall betray,
But, cheaply bleſt, I'll ſcorn each vain deſire.

With timely care I'll ſow my little field,
And plant my orchard with its maſter's hand,
Nor bluſh to ſpread the hay, the hook to wield,
Or range my ſheaves along the ſunny land.

If

If late at duſk, while careleſsly I roam,
I meet a ſtrolling kid, or bleating lamb,
Under my arm I'll bring the wand'rer home,
And not a little chide its thoughtleſs dam.

What joy to hear the tempeſt howl in vain,
And claſp a fearful miſtreſs to my breaſt?
Or lull'd to ſlumber by the beating rain,
Secure and happy, ſink at laſt to reſt?

Or if the ſun in flaming LEO ride,
By ſhady rivers indolently ſtray,
And with my DELIA, walking ſide by ſide,
Hear how they murmur, as they glide away?

What joy to wind along the cool retreat,
To ſtop and gaze on DELIA as I go?
To mingle ſweet diſcourſe with kiſſes ſweet,
And teach my lovely ſcholar all I know?

Thus pleaſed at heart, and not with fancy's dream,
In ſilent happineſs I reſt unknown;
Content with what I am, not what I ſeem,
I live for DELIA and myſelf alone.

Ah fooliſh man, who thus of her poſſeſt,
Cou'd float and wander with ambition's wind,
And if his outward trappings ſpoke him bleſt,
Not heed the ſickneſs of his conſcious mind.

With her I ſcorn the idle breath of praiſe,
Nor truſt to happineſs that's not our own;
The ſmile of fortune might ſuſpicion raiſe,
But here I know that I am loved alone.

STANHOPE, in wiſdom as in wit divine,
May riſe, and plead BRITANNIA's glorious cauſe,
With ſteady rein his eager wit confine,
While manly ſenſe the deep attention draws.

Let STANHOPE ſpeak his liſt'ning country's wrong,
My humble voice ſhall pleaſe one partial maid;
For her alone I pen my tender ſong,
Securely ſitting in his friendly ſhade.

STANHOPE ſhall come, and grace his rural friend,
DELIA ſhall wonder at her noble gueſt,
With bluſhing awe, the riper fruit commend,
And for her huſband's patron cull the beſt.

Hers

Hers be the care of all my little train,
While I with tender indolence am bleſt,
The favourite ſubject of her gentle reign,
By love alone diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt.

For her I'll yoke my oxen to the plough,
In gloomy foreſts tend my lonely flock;
For her a goat-herd climb the mountain's brow,
And ſleep extended on the naked rock:

Ah, what avails to preſs the ſtately bed,
And far from her 'midſt taſteleſs grandeur weep,
By marble fountains lay the penſive head,
And, while they murmur, ſtrive in vain to ſleep!

Delia alone can pleaſe, and never tire,
Exceed the paint of thought in true delight;
With her, enjoyment wakens new deſire,
And equal rapture glows through every night:

Beauty and worth in her alike contend,
To charm the fancy, and to fix the mind;
In her, my wife, my miſtreſs, and my friend,
I taſte the joys of ſenſe and reaſon join'd.

On her I'll gaze, when others loves are o'er,
And dying preſs her with my clay-cold hand—
Thou weep'ſt already, as I were no more,
Nor can that gentle breaſt the thought withſtand!

Oh, when I die, my lateſt moments ſpare,
Nor let thy grief with ſharper torments kill;
Wound not thy cheeks, nor hurt that flowing hair,
Tho' I am dead, my ſoul ſhall love thee ſtill!

Oh quit the room, Oh quit the deathful bed,
Or thou wilt die, ſo tender is thy heart!
Oh leave me, DELIA, ere thou ſee me dead,
Theſe weeping friends will do thy mournful part!

Let them, extended on the decent bier,
Convey the corſe in melancholy ſtate,
Thro' all the village ſpread the tender tear,
While pitying maids our wond'rous loves relate.

To DELIA.

ELEGY XIV.

WHAT ſcenes of bliſs my raptured fancy framed,
In ſome lone ſpot with Peace and thee retired!
Tho' Reaſon then my ſanguine fondneſs blamed,
I ſtill believed what flatt'ring love inſpired:

But now my wrongs have taught my humbled mind
To dangerous bliſs no longer to pretend,
In books a calm, but fix'd content to find,
Safe joys, that on ourſelves alone depend:

With them the gentle moments I beguile,
In learned eaſe, and elegant delight;
Compare the beauties of each different ſtyle,
Each various ray of wit's diffuſive light:

Now mark the ſtrength of MILTON's ſacred lines,
Senſe raiſed by genius, fancy ruled by art,
Where all the glory of the Godhead ſhines,
And earlieſt innocence inchants the heart.

Now, fired by POPE and VIRTUE, leave the age
In low purſuit of ſelf-undoing wrong,
And trace the author thro' his moral page,
Whoſe blameleſs life ſtill anſwers to his ſong.

If time and books my ling'ring pain can heal,
And reaſon fix its empire o'er my heart,
My patriot breaſt a noble warmth ſhall feel,
And glow with love, where weakneſs has no part.

Thy heart, O LYTTELTON! ſhall be my guide,
Its fire ſhall warm me, and its worth improve;
Thy heart, above all envy, and all pride,
Firm as man's ſenſe, and ſoft as woman's love.

And thou, O WEST! with her your partner dear,
Whom ſocial mirth and uſeful ſenſe commend,
With learning's feaſt my drooping mind ſhalt cheer,
Glad to eſcape from love to ſuch a friend.

But

But why ſo long my weaker heart deceive?
Ah ſtill I love, in pride and reaſon's ſpite!
No books, alas! my painful thoughts relieve,
And while I threat, this Elegy I write.

To Mr. GEORGE GRENVILLE.

ELEGY XV.

OH form'd alike to ſerve us, and to pleaſe;
Polite with honeſty, and learn'd with eaſe;
With heart to act, with genius to retire;
Open, yet wiſe; tho' gentle, full of fire:
With thee I ſcorn the low conſtraint of art,
Nor fear to truſt the follies of my heart;
Hear then from what my long deſpair aroſe,
The faithful ſtory of a lover's woes.
When, in a ſober melancholy hour,
Reduced by ſickneſs under reaſon's power,
I view'd my ſtate, too little weigh'd before,
And Love himſelf could flatter me no more,
My DELIA's hopes I wou'd no more deceive,
But whom my paſſion hurt, thro' friendſhip leave;
I choſe the coldeſt words my heart to hide,
And cure her ſex's weakneſs through its pride:

The

The prudence which I taught, I ill purſued,
The charm my reaſon broke, my heart renew'd:
Again ſubmiſſive to her feet I came,
And proved too well my paſſion by my ſhame;
While ſhe, ſecure in coldneſs, or diſdain,
Forgot my love, or triumph'd in its pain,
Began with higher views her thoughts to raiſe,
And ſcorn'd the humble poet of her praiſe:
She let each little lie o'er truth prevail,
And ſtrengthen'd by her faith each groundleſs tale,
Believed the groſſeſt arts that malice try'd,
Nor once in thought was on her lover's ſide:
Oh where were then my ſcenes of fancied life!
Oh where the friend, the miſtreſs, and the wife!
Her years of promiſed love were quickly paſt,
Not two revolving moons could ſee them laſt.—
To STOW's delightful ſcenes I now repair,
In COBHAM's ſmile to loſe the gloom of care!
Nor fear that he my weakneſs ſhou'd deſpiſe,
In nature learned, and humanely wiſe:
There PITT, in manners ſoft, in friendſhip warm,
With mild advice my liſt'ning grief ſhall charm,

With ſenſe to counſel, and with wit to pleaſe,
A ROMAN's virtue, with a courtier's eaſe.
Nor you, my friend, whoſe heart is ſtill at reſt,
Contemn the human weakneſs of my breaſt;
Reaſon may chide the faults ſhe cannot cure,
And pains, which long we ſcorn'd, we oft endure;
Tho' wiſer cares employ your ſtudious mind,
Form'd with a ſoul ſo elegantly kind,
Your breaſt may loſe the calm it long has known,
And learn my woes to pity, by it's own.

THE END.

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